

**FANTASTIC FREE SLIMER CHEWY BAR!**

**MARVEL**  
14th July 90

**THE REAL**

**NO 109 45p**

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# GH<sup>OST</sup>BUSTERS™

**FABULOUS  
COMPETITION  
INSIDE!**



ISSN 0954-9404



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28



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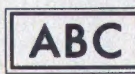
Now you can't say **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** isn't the greatest comic in the supercosmos, because there's a special **Free Slimer Chewy Bar** on the cover, but you had better eat it quickly because I can hear Slimer coming right this minute. Anyway, there's much more in this week's issue for you to get your *teeth* into. For a start there's a terrifying story that shows what happens when **The Real Ghostbusters** get sucked into a dimension where they meet their evil alter-egos, called **Demon Doubles!** All the extra slime that is floating around the front cover is due to the coming of the great Goolab, Demon Prince of Fame and Success, but everything will be explained in this week's **Winston's Diary!**

Next week we will be giving away **15** copies of the **'Ghostbusters II'** video in an easy-to-enter competition. So don't you dare miss it!

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 Spirit Guide **DAN ABNETT**



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# THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS™



PETER  
VENKMAN



EGON  
SPENGLER



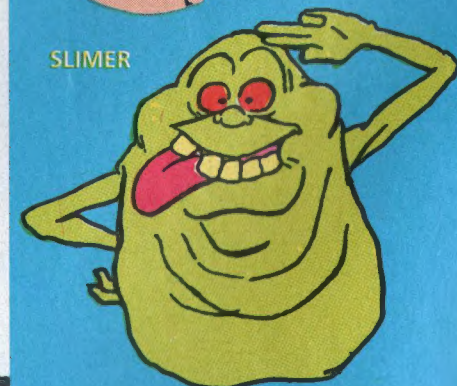
RAY  
STANTZ



WINSTON  
ZEDDMORE



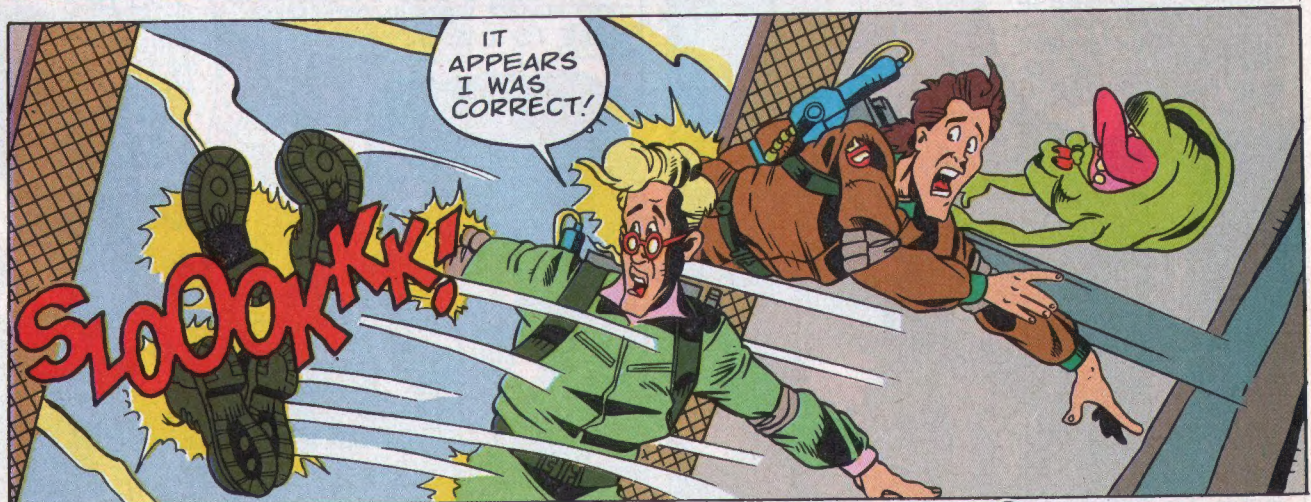
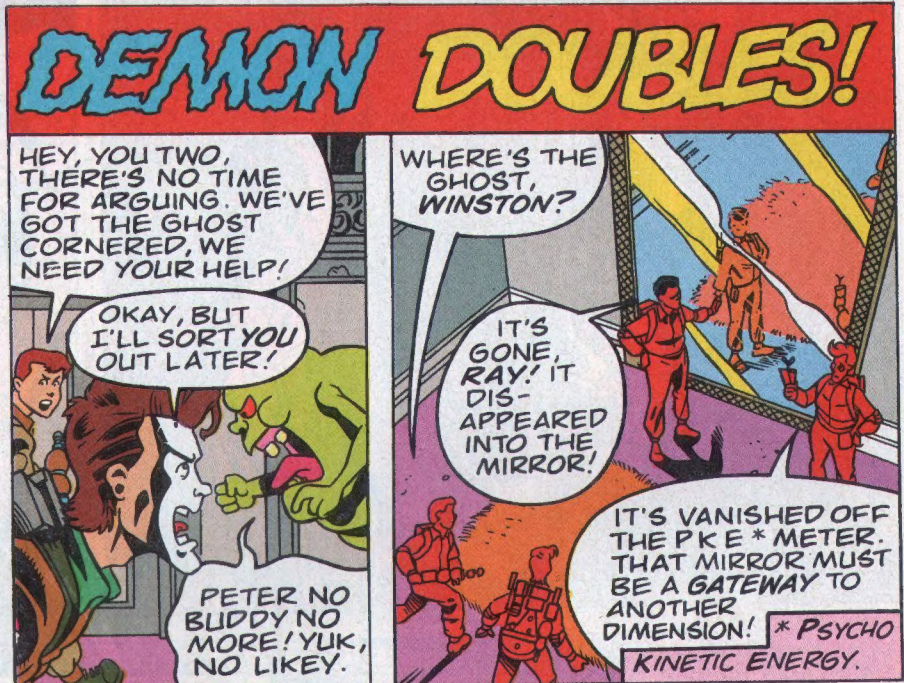
JANINE  
MELNITZ



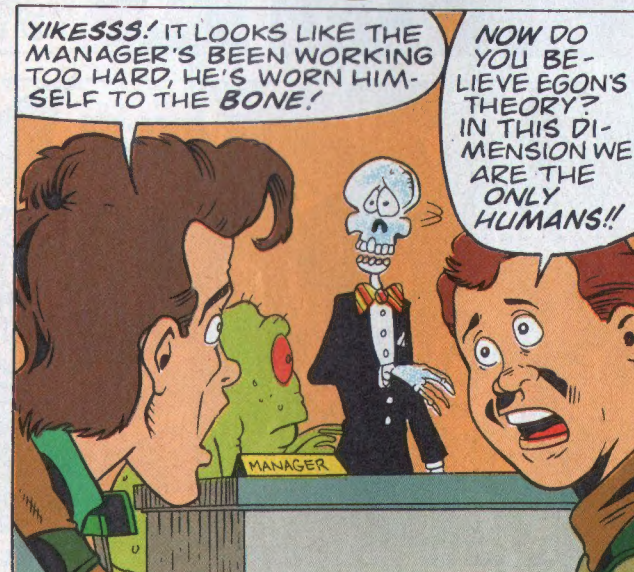
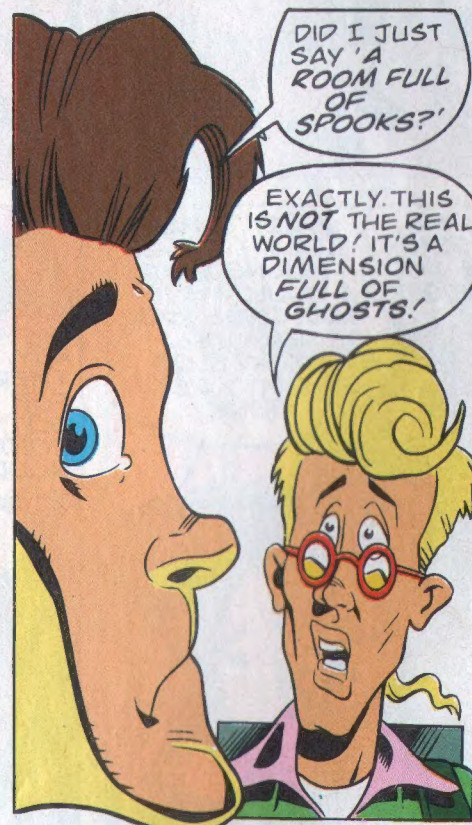
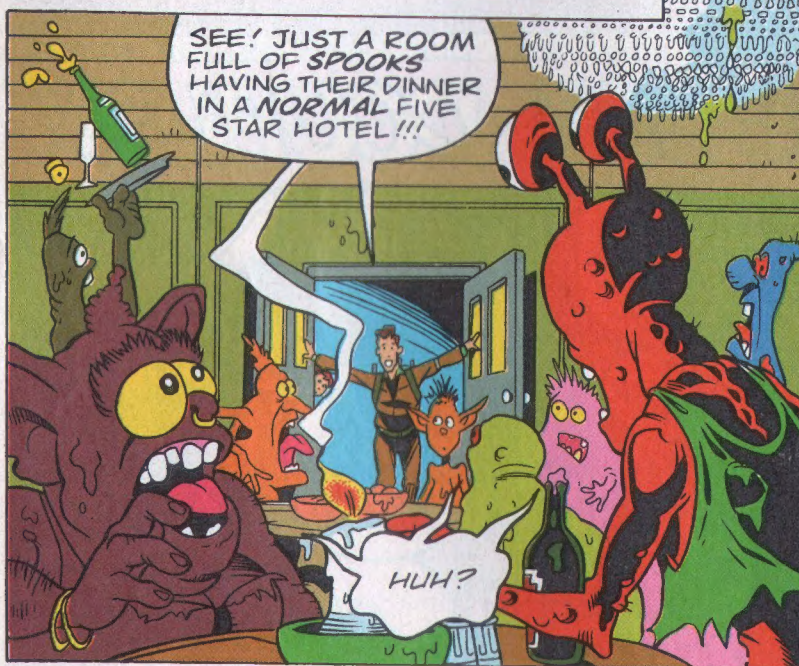
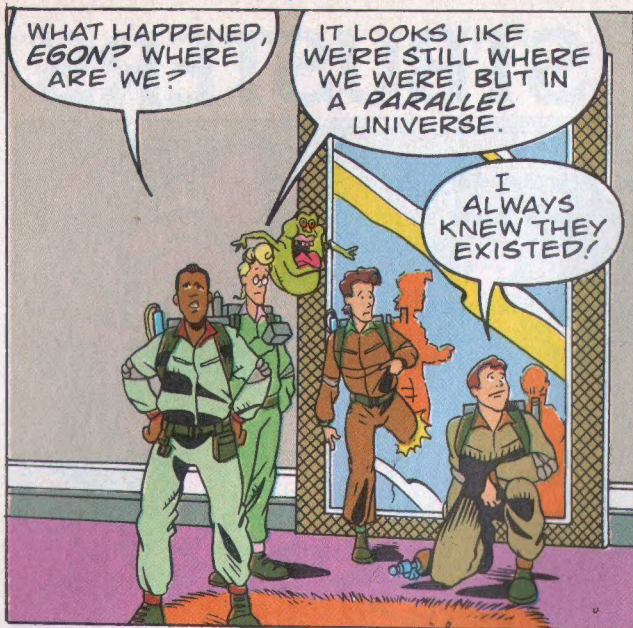
SLIMER



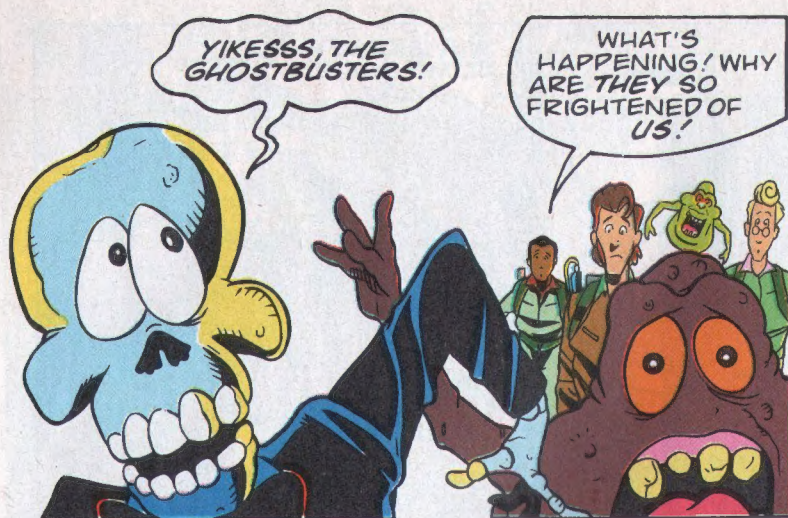
# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™











YIKESSS, THE GHOSTBUSTERS!

WHAT'S HAPPENING! WHY ARE THEY SO FRIGHTENED OF US!



WINSTON, IF YOU WERE A GHOST, WOULD YOU BE FRIGHTENED OF US?

I WOULD! I WOULD! PETER BAD KICKY GHOSTY'S BACKSIDE!



YES, I WOULD BE FRIGHTENED AND I'D ALSO BE MAD. LET'S GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE SOMETHING BAD HAPPENS!

WE CAN'T! I CHECKED THE MIRROR, IT ONLY WENT ONE WAY!

THEN HOW ARE WE GOING TO GET BACK TO OUR WORLD??



BAD NEWS I'M AFRAID, RAY. LOOK!

YOU'RE NOT GOING BACK... EVER!



YOU'RE DOOMED!

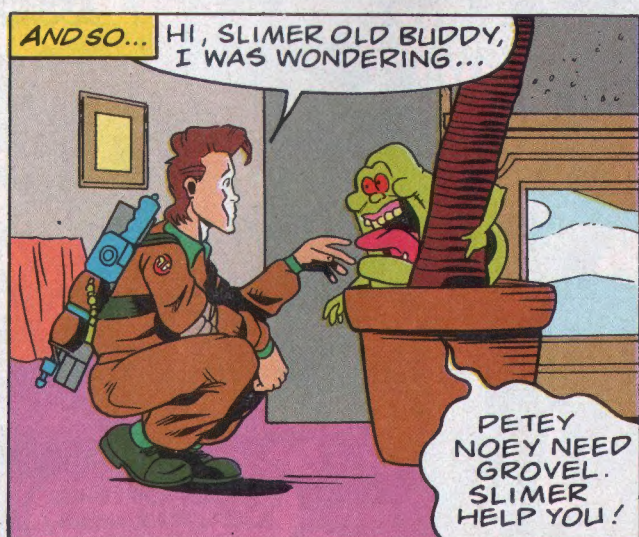
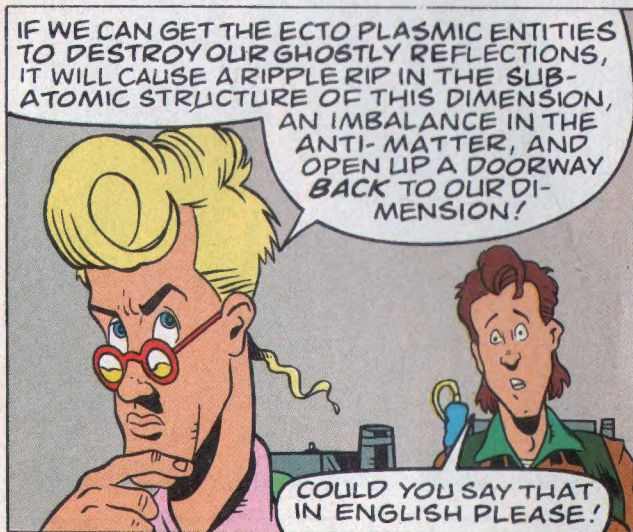
EGON, GET US OUT OF THIS BAD CRAZINESS!



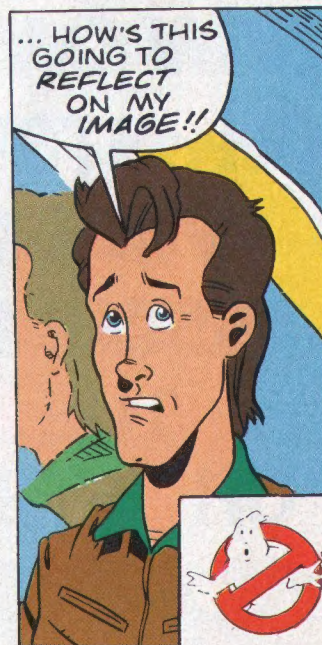
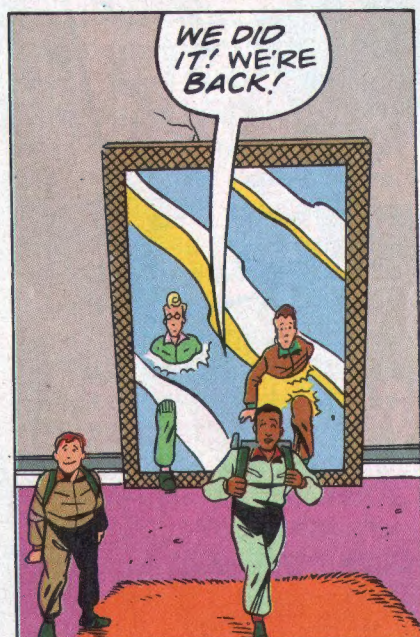
THEY'RE OUR GHOSTLY REFLECTIONS RAY, I HOPED THIS WOULDN'T HAPPEN. IF WE BUST THEM, WE'LL DISAPPEAR... BACK IN THE REAL WORLD.

SO WHAT CAN WE DO. WE NEED A PLAN, AND FAST!



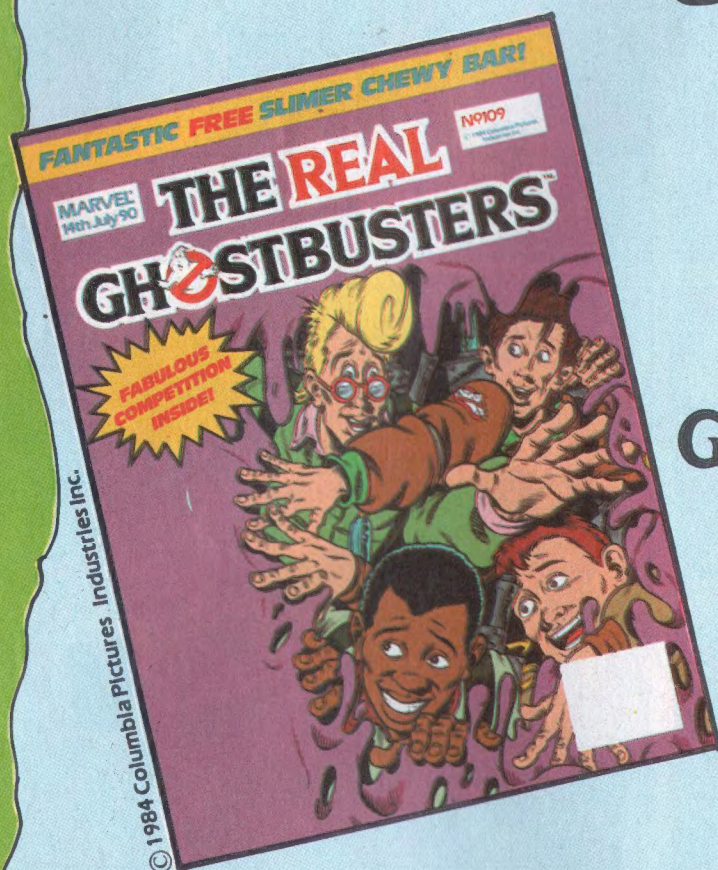








**A SLIMER  
CHEWY BAR  
FREE IN  
ISSUE 109  
OF  
THE REAL  
GHOSTBUSTERS™**



**WIN ONE OF 15  
GHOSTBUSTERS II  
VIDEOS IN  
ISSUE 110 OF  
THE REAL  
GHOSTBUSTERS™**



**ON SALE  
SOON!**

**MARVEL®**



# SPENGLER'S

## SPIRIT

## GUIDE



When Goolab, Demon Prince of Fame and Fortune showed up at the World Cinema Festival in California this week, it was not the first time he had been involved in the film business. His previous incursion into this dimension was recorded by Hal Loomsocks, an occult investigator who operated in the Hollywood area in the early part of this century. Loomsocks was investigating rumours that the Cinema idol, Earl Valentine Jr, was involved in some rather dubious goings on at his massive mansion in Beverley Hills. It turned out that Valentine, himself a keen student of the Supercosmos, had begun strange rites to summon Goolab on to the mortal plane in order that the Demon Prince would grant success and good fortune to Valentine's latest picture, the Scottish epic, *Ben Nevis*. Already nine actors had been killed on the set (during the filming of the down-the-mountainside chariot race in reel three), and Valentine wanted to make sure this wouldn't destroy his picture's chances at the box-office. Trouble was, Goolab didn't think much of the film. He criticised the lengthy dry stone walling sequence and hated the thistle motif. As punishment for having his time wasted,

## PART 109

Goolab took Valentine and his cast and crew back into the Desolate Rugose Pits Of Worry with him when he left.

Goolab isn't the only spectral force to get involved with the heady world of films, though he's probably the most rugose. Lesley Hollihock's *Film goo-ers Companion* lists a great number of others. Here's a checklist of the other key examples that a Ghostbuster should commit to memory:

— Katherine Heartburn was haunted by a lovesick ghostly fan whilst on the set of *The Rich, Creamy Philadelphia Story*. Eventually an exorcism was conducted by fellow actor Fritz Von Sydown, who had rather got the taste for it after his last three starring roles in *The Exorcism I: The Horror Begins*, *The Exorcism II:*

*That's Horrible For You* and *The Exorcism III: The Horror Drags On And On*.

— The cast and crew of *The Gremlin Attack* was haunted by two full-torso Gremlins from the Supernational Union of Amalgamated Gremlins, who claimed that certain spirits working on the film were breaking management negotiated rules about demarcation.

— The set of *Dracula Has Fallen Over The Doorstep* was plagued by an unhappy spirit which turned off all the lights a couple of seconds into the filming of each scene. No matter what they did, they couldn't trace the problem. Eventually they decided to muddle through anyway and the movie was the first in history to be filmed in three thousand six hundred takes—each two seconds long.

— A malicious sprite during the filming of *Montana Smith and the Lost Cheryade* played such havoc with the clapperboard that it managed to get the film's title changed to *Radars of the Dimple of Foam*. It is believed that it may have also caused similar problems on the set of *Anorakhood*, *Born On The Forth Of Firth*, *Paint Your Wig On*, *Rabbi-cop: Part Man, Part Machine*, *Already!* and *The Hunt For Vermillion April*.



# WINSTON'S DIARY

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF WINSTON ZEDDMORE



Story DAN ABNETT  Art BRIAN WILLIAMSON and STEPHEN BASKERVILLE



*Thursday, 5th July 1990*

High on my list of important events this week is the World Cinema Festival in California, where hundreds of glamorous film stars, dripping with money, congregate beneath the nodding palms to look at each others' new films and give each other awards. Hundreds of glamorous film stars – and us, that is. When members of the World Cinema Festival Committee read in the pages of this very magazine that movies were my absolute passion, they thought it would be even better for their publicity if they asked me to attend and give a talk on spooky stories. I guess I must be a bit of a celebrity too, you see. I accepted – on the one condition that they sent tickets for all of *The Real Ghostbusters*. This was one bash I knew no one wanted to miss.



*Friday, 6th July 1990*

I'm so excited – this is even better than I thought it was going to be. All the stars I keep meeting – wow! They treat us like royalty too – Silaster Malone, the star of the *Gumpo* movies, told me that all the stars were in awe of us because we faced the kind of danger in real life that they only acted about. Ray got to meet the guys who build all the special effects for the mega-buck movies and they all got on like a house on fire, swapping tips about what you could mix with what to get the biggest, brightest and loudest bang possible. Peter took one look at Merryl

Pieper and spent the day following her around asking if he could be in her next movie. Even Egon seemed starry-eyed. It turned out the actor Dusty Hoffnung had made a film in which he played the part of a mushroom, and Egon was very much looking forward to the premiere. Gotta go now, as I've promised to join in a game of beach volleyball with Clint Northcopse, Curt Wrestle and Arnold Wienersnitzzel, and I mustn't keep them waiting.

*Saturday, 7th July 1990*

It couldn't last, could it? I mean, something had to go wrong sometime, didn't it. The first hints we had of 'Things Go Wrong: Part One' were little niggling worries – temperature drops in the Festival's editing suites, a video playing itself backwards for no apparent reason, a complete mix up of all the place markers at the gala luncheon. Then the film canisters containing Merryl Pieper's new film *The Watches of Candlewick* were found to be entirely full of slime. Rumours got around that the Festival was possessed. Rumours also got around that it was us, *The Ghostbusters*, that were the cause. Great.

Stony silence from all the stars, paparazzi hounding the four of us for 'We Brought Demons To Convention By Accident' headlines, and Arnie, Curt and Clint didn't want to play volleyball with me any more. We were all about to pack our bags and give it up as a waste of effort when we got to 'Things Go Wrong: Part Two!'

Essentially what the problem was, was a ninety foot, writhing column of rugose (yes, that is the correct word, I checked with Egon. It means rubbery and unpleasant, which is why he used it forty times in the course of the incident) tentacles hideously wreathed in ropes of glutinous slime that splattered across the beachfront like an explosion in a marmalade factory. The huge mass of tentacles (which looked for all the world like a giant redwood tree without leaves in a strong wind, after an explosion in a marmalade factory etc.etc) had burst out of the ground in the car park next to the beachfront Hotel where the Festival was



being staged. It was massive, reaching up as if to grab the clouds.

Oh, and it smelt worse than anything you can imagine. Even Ray's socks. If you look in the Hollywood Guide to holding a good film festival, you'll find it tells you not to set one up a) where there is a bad smell, and b) where there has recently been an explosion in a marmalade factory.



The stars began leaving in droves. I found Egon standing in the middle of the road taking readings of the rain of slime with his sniffer, as limosine after limosine carrying slimed film stars, fled by him on either side.

"It's Goolab," he said. "Unmistakably. The treatise of Loomsocks specifically tells of the rugose tentacled array and abundant slime during a manifestation of Goolab."

"Who is Goolab?" I asked.

"The Demon Prince of Fame and Success. He's only set tentacle on Earth once before, that was when Loomsocks wrote about him. He is drawn to any famous or successful individual, the more glamorous the better. This film convention is just the sort of occasion that will draw him to our world."

"He looks like a big wavy column of tentacles," I remarked.

"Don't be silly. That's just one of his toes," snapped Egon. "Quick let's find the others. We have to stop Goolab before he gets the rest of himself into this dimension."

It wasn't just a matter of crossing the streams to stop Goolab. We had to criss-cross our Proton Streams and form a sort of cat's cradle of energy before the feedback was enough to blast the Demon Prince's toe back into the other world. When the four of us climbed out from the pit of slime we'd ended up in, the beachfront wasn't the sort of place you'd want to visit in a hurry, not even on a Club Slimy holiday.

We waited for the authorities to arrest us for making such a terrific mess, but we were in for a surprise. Steven Spellbug, the famous director, had filmed all of our desperate bust and came running up to us saying that it would make the most amazing basis for his next movie, *Close Encounters of The Rugose Kind*. All down the shore line, film stars were applauding us excitedly.

"If this is going to be a movie, I for one am not going to see it," snapped Peter, wiping the slime off his overalls. Everyone's a critic.





# FANTASTIC PRIZES TO BE WON!

**Prof** – the zany character on the **Weetos** pack, is offering some super prizes for all you budding scientists out there. Not only will fifteen lucky winners receive an amazing **microscope**, but there will be a further fifty runners-up prizes of the Prof's own **T-shirts**.

## How to enter:

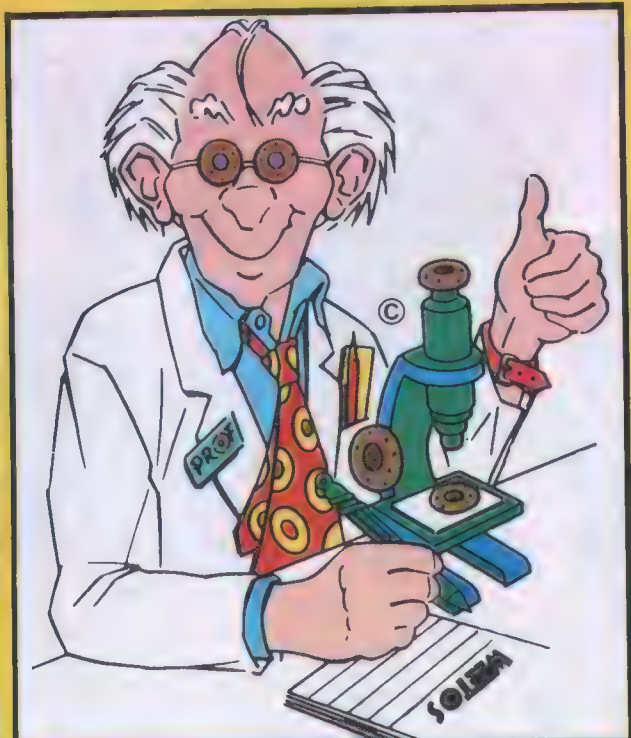
For your chance to win one of these great prizes, simply study the pictures below and put a circle around each of the ten differences. Then fill out the entry form and send it to this address:  
Real Ghostbusters' Weetos  
Competition,  
Marvel Comics,  
13/15 Arundel Street,  
London WC2R 3DX



Name ..... Age .....  
Address .....  
.....  
.....  
.....

All entries must arrive by 10th August 1990.

Rules: No employee of Weetabix Ltd., Marvel Comics Ltd., or Those Characters From Cleveland may enter this competition. The Editor's decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into.





# ACE FREEBY

Peter's all-time favourite Heavy Metal band is, of course, Metal Witch, and the lead singer with this hard-rocking band was Ace Freeby. Unfortunately, he was involved in a bizarre and somewhat shocking feedback accident involving an exploding amplifier. Being a true entertainer, though, he would appear whenever the reformed band would launch into their hit single, Escalator To Heaven!

Most people assumed that his reappearance was all part of a clever light show, or

a special effect, but Egon spotted immediately that something was not quite right. The ghost was giving off high levels of Psychokinetic Energy causing severe structural damage to the building, so The Real Ghostbusters guessed it was time for Ace to face that final curtain and to go and play that big gig in the sky. The band's manager, though, realised that the band would be nothing without Ace and so reluctantly The Real Ghostbusters allowed him to set free – but at a price.

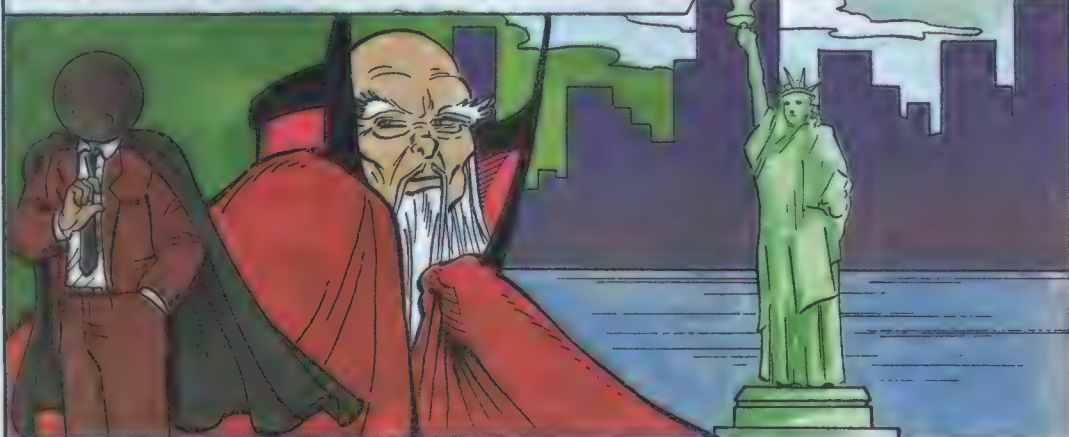




# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

Part Two: The Ghost Gangsters have returned to take over the underworld and The Crime Patrol have called in The Real Ghostbusters in order to capture them!

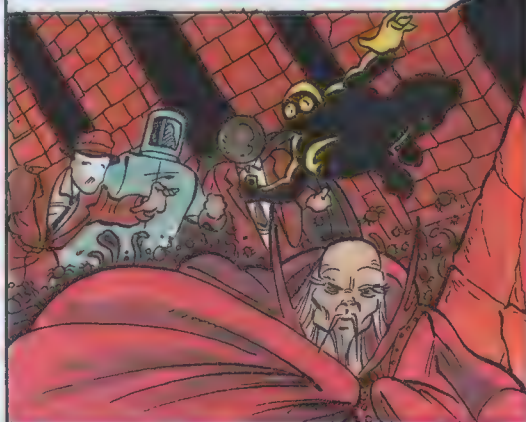
"IT WAS DECEMBER OF 1949 WHEN THE CRIME PATROL LEARNED OF FU FANG'S SECRET HEADQUARTERS. ONLY RARELY HAD WE BEEN ABLE TO BATTLE HIM DIRECTLY UNTIL WE LEARNED HE WAS OPERATING FROM THE CATACOMBS BENEATH THE STATUE OF LIBERTY.



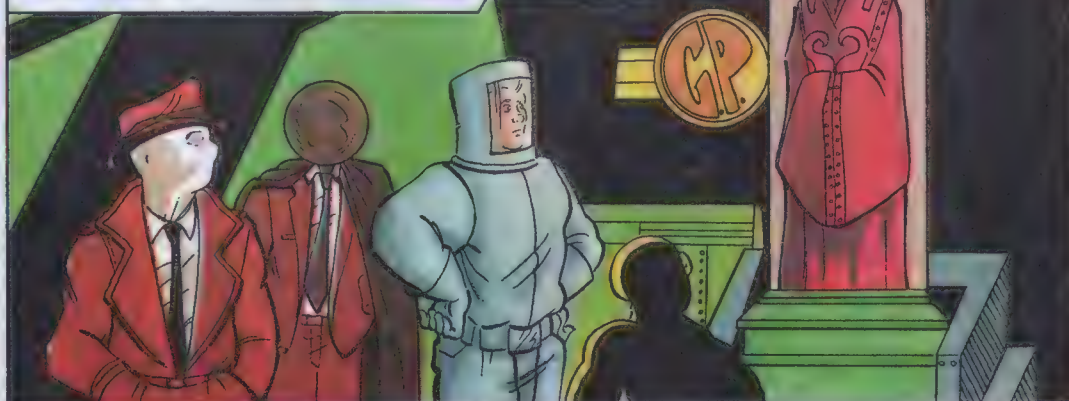
"THE CRIME PATROL CONSISTED OF THE CRIMSON CRIMEBUSTER, THE LUNAR AVENGER, DOC HAZZARD, AND THE DARK DWARF. DOC HAZZARD WAS THE SCIENTIFIC WIZARD IN OUR GROUP.



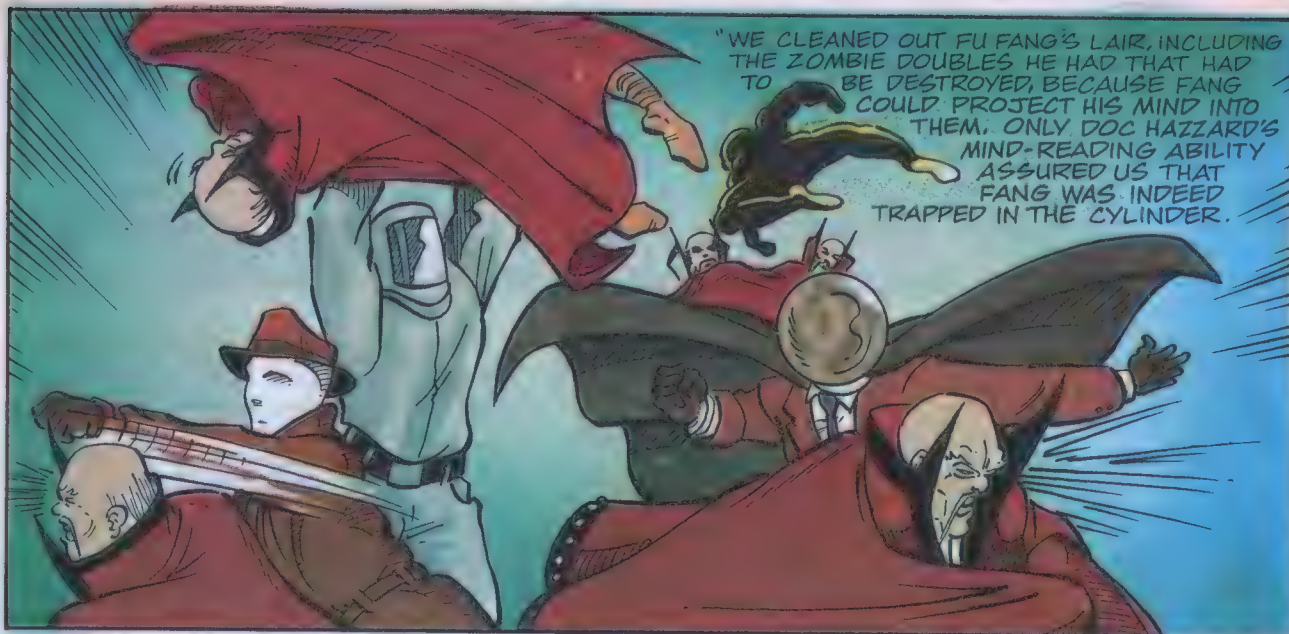
"WE ACTUALLY SURPRISED FU FANG AND TRAPPED HIM IN HIS LAIR. NOT EVEN HIS ARMY OF SPIDERS AND SNAKES HELD US BACK, THANKS TO A SPRAY TO RESIST PUNCTURES WHICH DOC HAZZARD SPRAYED ON OUR UNIFORMS.



"WE CAPTURED FU FANG AND TOOK HIM TO A SECRET LAIR OF OUR OWN, UNDERNEATH CENTRAL PARK, WHERE DOC HAZZARD LOCKED HIM IN A SUSPENDED ANIMATION CYLINDER. WE DIDN'T TRUST ANYTHING ELSE. FANG HAD ESCAPED FROM REGULAR PRISONS MANY TIMES.



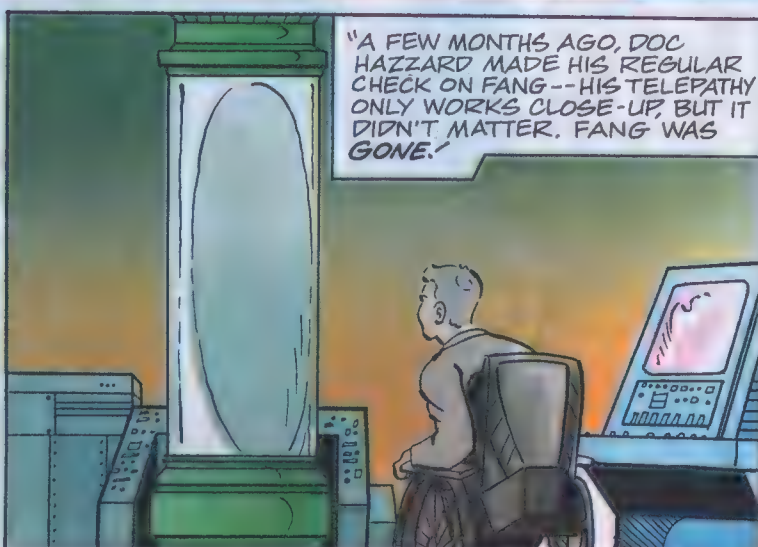




"WE CLEANED OUT FU FANG'S LAIR, INCLUDING THE ZOMBIE DOUBLES HE HAD THAT HAD TO BE DESTROYED, BECAUSE FANG COULD PROJECT HIS MIND INTO THEM. ONLY DOC HAZZARD'S MIND-READING ABILITY ASSURED US THAT FANG WAS INDEED TRAPPED IN THE CYLINDER."



"EVERY YEAR DOC HAZZARD CHECKED ON HIM TO DETERMINE THAT FANG WAS STILL TRAPPED THERE, FIGHTING OLD BATTLES IN HIS TORTURED DREAMS."



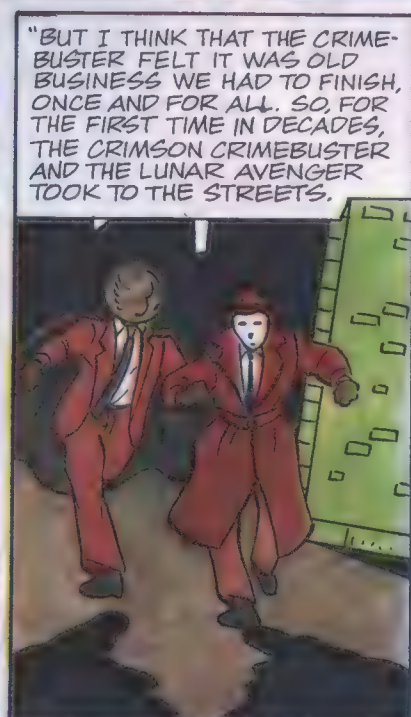
"A FEW MONTHS AGO, DOC HAZZARD MADE HIS REGULAR CHECK ON FANG--HIS TELEPATHY ONLY WORKS CLOSE-UP, BUT IT DIDN'T MATTER. FANG WAS GONE."



"BUT IT'D BEEN SO MANY YEARS SINCE THAT BATTLE. ONE BY ONE, THE CRIME PATROL HAD RETIRED...FROM INJURY OR OLD AGE. WHAT COULD FU FANG DO WITH TODAY'S TECHNOLOGY?"



"WHEN THE CRIMSON CRIME-BUSTER CALLED ME, HE HAD A LEAD ON FANG. I WANTED TO GO TO THE POLICE BUT WE HAD NO REAL PROOF OF FU FANG'S MODERN EXISTENCE."



"BUT I THINK THAT THE CRIME-BUSTER FELT IT WAS OLD BUSINESS WE HAD TO FINISH, ONCE AND FOR ALL. SO, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN DECADES, THE CRIMSON CRIMEBUSTER AND THE LUNAR AVENGER TOOK TO THE STREETS."



"SOMEHOW, THE CRIMEBUSTERS HAD BOUGHT A LEAD TO FU FANG. WE WENT TO A WAREHOUSE ON THE WATERFRONT. IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE WE KNEW WE'D BEEN HAD."



IT APPEARS THAT RESURRECTION IS A POPULAR THEME OF OUR GENERATION. BUT MANY THINGS HAVE CHANGED, SUCH AS MY NEW ASSOCIATES.



MY NEW FRIENDS WILL INSURE THAT YOU DO NOT ESCAPE MY OLD FRIENDS!



"BUT WE HAD NOT COME UNPREPARED, THANKS TO DOC HAZZARD. ALTHOUGH, ONLY THE CRIMEBUSTER FULLY UNDERSTOOD WHAT HAZZARD HAD GIVEN US."

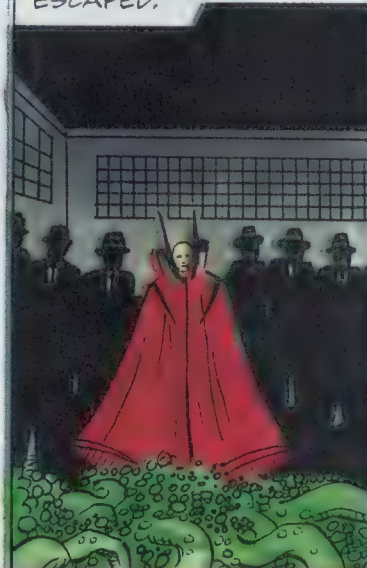


THIS IS FOR OLD TIME'S SAKE--FROM DOC HAZZARD!

SKZZAANK!



"THERE WAS A HUGE DISCHARGE OF ENERGY, AND WHILE FANG AND HIS GHOST GANGSTERS RECOILED FROM IT, WE ESCAPED."







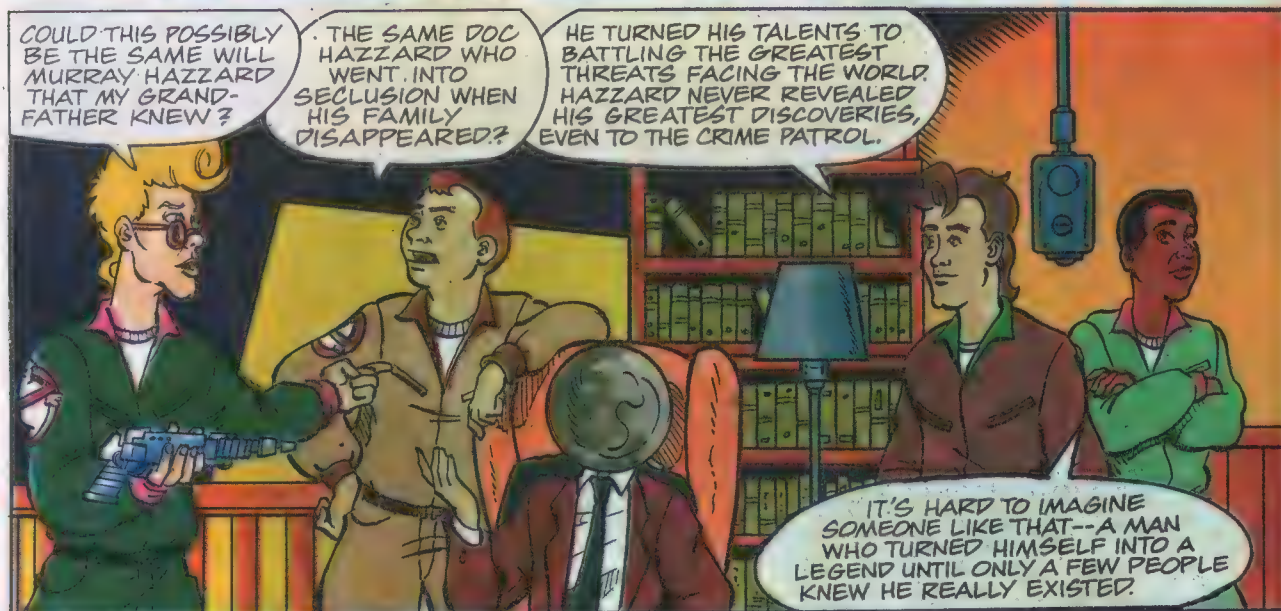
THIS IS A  
MINIATURE  
PROTON  
GUN!

IT MUST HAVE  
THE PROTON  
PACK  
BUILT IN!



BUT I THOUGHT WE HAD  
THE STATE-OF-THE-ART  
GHOST GRINDERS.

THEY ARE  
UNLESS  
YOU'VE BEEN A  
STEP AND A  
HALF AHEAD OF THE  
TECH PACK FOR A FEW  
DECADES. I READ  
ABOUT HIM IN OLD  
PULP MAGAZINES  
WHEN I WAS A  
KID!



COULD THIS POSSIBLY  
BE THE SAME WILL  
MURRAY HAZZARD  
THAT MY GRAND-  
FATHER KNEW?

THE SAME DOC  
HAZZARD WHO  
WENT INTO  
SECLUSION WHEN  
HIS FAMILY  
DISAPPEARED?

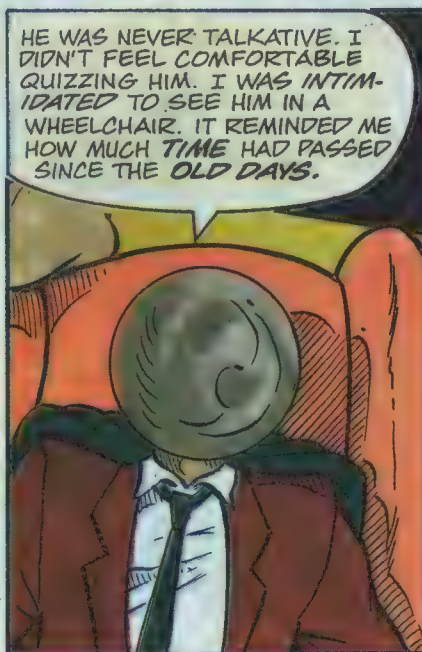
HE TURNED HIS TALENTS TO  
BATTLING THE GREATEST  
THREATS FACING THE WORLD.  
HAZZARD NEVER REVEALED  
HIS GREATEST DISCOVERIES,  
EVEN TO THE CRIME PATROL.

IT'S HARD TO IMAGINE  
SOMEONE LIKE THAT--A MAN  
WHO TURNED HIMSELF INTO A  
LEGEND UNTIL ONLY A FEW PEOPLE  
KNEW HE REALLY EXISTED.



SOUNDS LIKE A PRIME CAN-  
DIDATE FOR POLITICS.

BUT HOW COULD  
HAZZARD HAVE  
GUESSED THAT  
YOU'D ENCOUNTER  
GHOSTS?

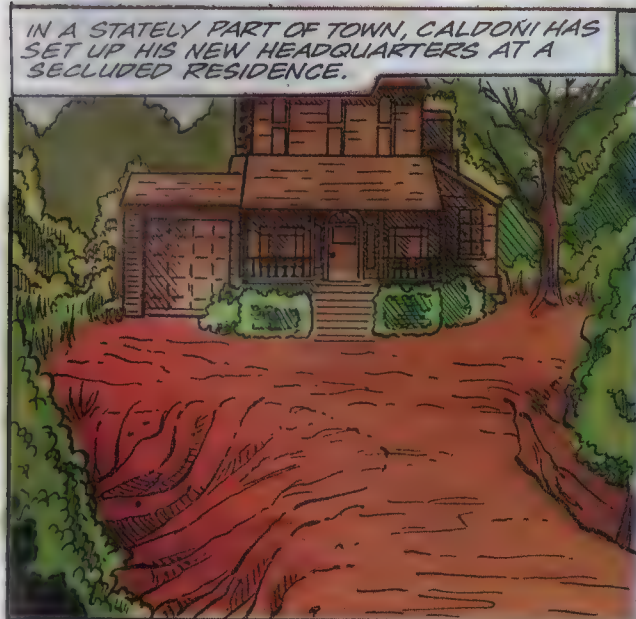


HE WAS NEVER TALKATIVE. I  
DIDN'T FEEL COMFORTABLE  
QUIZZING HIM. I WAS INTIM-  
IDATED TO SEE HIM IN A  
WHEELCHAIR. IT REMINDED ME  
HOW MUCH TIME HAD PASSED  
SINCE THE OLD DAYS.

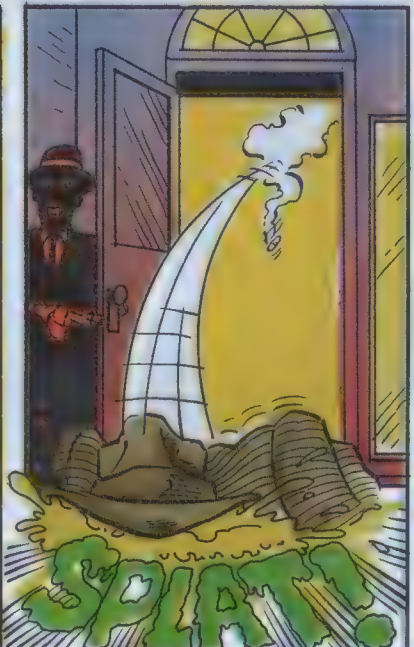


WELL, TIME IS SURE RUNNING  
OUT FOR EVERYONE, IF THE  
GHOSTS ARE TAKING OVER  
THE NEW YORK RACKETS  
RIGHT UNDER OUR  
NOSES!














# DEAD TRUE!



he summer show in Maine, USA, proved to be a valuable meeting place for two young actresses. Polly Terry had joined a theatrical company, mainly to escape her financially poor home life. Angela Cortin, however, was a very wealthy girl yet the two young women realised that they had more in common with each other than with the other actors.

They had been good friends for a while when Polly's health deteriorated and Angela offered financial help. Polly developed pneumonia and, suspecting the worst, requested a visit from Angela. Shortly before she died, Polly swore that if there was an afterlife, she would look out for Angela's welfare in times of trouble.

The loss of her friend forced Angela to accept an invitation to spend the weekend in the country.

During dinner on the first evening, Angela noticed that the butler had been staring at her diamond necklace and she was beginning to feel very uncomfortable in his presence. She approached her hostess and explained that she was feeling rather tired and cold. 'Don't worry my dear', her hostess replied 'it must be the old lady of the manor who is causing the chills. She's a ghost, you know, from the Revolutionary War.' And with that, the butler was called to show Angela to her bedroom.

Angela clambered into bed and fell asleep very easily. However, a few hours later, she was startled by a sound coming from the direction of the French windows. The light from the full moon cast a glow on the balcony and she was able to make out the shadow of a tall figure, as it slipped in to the room.

Angela recognised the butler as he made his way towards the necklace. The

butler's hands reached for her neck, but suddenly, there was a noise from the doorway, the butler released the firm hold he had, and with a horrified expression, ran towards the window.

The following morning the butler admitted trying to steal the valuable necklace. Asked why he suddenly changed his mind, he confessed that it had been changed for him by the image of the young woman who entered the room, surrounded by a glow of light. Angela turned to the hostess and said that it must have been her 'Revolutionary' ghost who frightened the butler away. 'But my dear', she sheepishly replied, 'I made the story up!' Suddenly Angela remembered the words of comfort that Polly had whispered on her deathbed. Indeed her friend had kept her promise and repaid Angela's kindness in full.





# ◆ CLASSIFIED ◆

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# GH<sup>OST</sup> WRITING!



It's your Uncle Peter here again! Ready to do battle with some more of your terrifying letters!

Dear Peter...

Please could you answer my questions:

1. How big is Mr. Stay-Puft?
2. How big is Slimer?
3. Is Egon a scientist?
4. I don't think you're cool!

— David Bartholomew,  
Leamington Spa.

*Hello to you, David. 1. Depends on the size of the demon that's possessing him at the time. 2. Depends on how much food he's eating at the time! 3. Yes. 4. What a cheek! That's not even a question!*

I have a question to ask you: If Slimer really is the hungriest thing in the world, how comes he doesn't get any bigger?  
— Daniel Henson.

*The answer is very simple really. The food that Slimer*

*eats (and there's a lot of that) is converted into slime, which he kindly covers me in all the time.*

I have got some questions for you:

1. In the film there are names on your uniforms, but not in the comic. Why is this?
2. What is Ray's real name?
3. Is Ray the same height as Janine?

4. How tall are you and Ray, Egon, Winston and Janine?  
— Sandra Phillips, Hockley Heath.

*1. Well, in the film we all had the same colour uniforms so we needed our names on them so that we knew whose was whose. In the comic though we've got our own differently coloured suits so we can easily tell them apart. I mean, you wouldn't want to wear Ray's boots after a heavy day's busting, would you? 2. Amazingly enough, Ray's real name is Raymond Stantz. I bet you're really shocked, aren't you! 3. Yep! 4. Egon is the tallest out of us all, closely followed by Winston and myself, then of course it's Janine and Ray 'Stumpy' Stantz.*

I have a few questions for you:

1. What is your hobby apart from eating and sleeping?
2. How long did it take to fix up the Fire Station after your battle with Gozer, and how much did it cost?
3. When I went to see *Ghostbusters II*, I thought it would have been really good if it was in 3D (not that it wasn't

brilliant anyway)?

— James Walsh, Cardiff.

*1. I don't have time for anything apart from eating and sleeping. 2. Oh, a week or so, give or take a day. Mind you, it cost far too much! 3. Believe me, it was 3D for us and we were scared out of our wits.*

Here's some questions for you:

1. What is 'Tobin'?
2. Did Ray build the Traps?
3. Where did Ray get the nuclear accelerators from?
4. What are the Traps made of?
5. How do the Slime Throwers work?

— Daniel Cudmore, Stafford.

*1. I think that should be who is Tobin. He was an expert on the supernatural long before Egon was even born. 2. Yep. He certainly did. 3. Not telling. 4. They are made of metal, mainly. 5. Well, the tanks on our backs are full of slime when we use the Slime Throwers and, since they are under high pressure, when we release the trigger the slime just shoots out. Quite simple, really.*

I have a spare Ecto-containment Unit so that when your unit is full you will still have one.

— Richard Gryko, Harold Wood.

*Gee, thanks a lot, Richard. But don't you think it's rather a long way for us to come from New York to Harold Wood? I hope your parents know about the Unit, they're not easy things to hide.*

Ghost Writing, Marvel Comics Ltd, 13/15 Arundel Street, London WC2



Mr Rose

# BARBARIAN BUSTERS!



BLIMEY!  
IT'S...  
**SLIMER!**

